

## IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

### FASHION'S FORECAST FOR '99.

Trains, Overskirts, Light Sleeves, High Collars and Ruffles.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Having rung out the old year, the caterers of fashion's follies are ringing in a number of changes, if not distinct novelties. What we have kept over from last year are chiefly trains, long tight sleeves and high, tight collars, but on these things the dress makers are going to exercise an improving influence. They are pledged to cut very gowns on train, even the pretty muslins and dimities and the adorable chintzes that are glorifying the January openings, and they have sworn themselves not to make another silk or cotton dress without an overskirt.

These drooping will at first be only the long skirts of the coat-shaped dress waists, such as are already seen here and there, but it does not require a very prophetic soul to see that by Easter time the full-fledged overdress will be enjoying undisputed reign. For the present it falls Agnes' eve, the high in what is called peplum form to the knees in front and longer behind, though the popularity of the Louis XV fronts is unabated. The study of the tailors is always to have long perpendicular lines and nothing short and bunched is allowed about the hips.

When the time comes to discuss wash goods it will be found that all reliance is to be laid on the long-tried virtues of the ruffle. Just now we are still too much occupied by woollens and furs to think without a shiver of cotton and linen, but it is as well to know that the present latitude of fashion allows a dressmaker to be cut with knee-length tails or short off at the hips.

Where a close blouse is adopted it is invariably cut in a series of seven graceful scallops about the hips. These curves are not ornamented with anything, and, in fact, after a season of frillity, the tailor dress is regaining its old tidy simplicity of outline.

At the start of the year a number of handsome new tailor frocks have been noticed, and chiefly in periwinkle blue. Their waists fit, back and front, without a wrinkle, the skirt is trained, of deep blue, and a pronounced tendency is toward a renewal of what used to be known as a complete suit; that is, a waist and skirt, and then a longish coat of the same goods.

#### Smart Jabots.

With such costumes the elevating influence of the smart jabot is most keenly felt. There are jabots and jabots, but the one that now has the longest train of followers is the largest. It is either a very wide linoine ribbon folded twice about the neck and tied in a really gigantic bow in front, or it is a long piece of white satin, tied twice about the throat, tied in a four-hand or Ardis knot in front and letting fall a couple of lace-edged ends nearly to the knees. With the linoine ribbon a collar that has turnover, hemstitched bands is worn, and a smart little pin is thrust through the knot of the bow. Butterfly bows of white, pale blue and Nile green tulle or chiffon, fastened to a stock of the same, are still seen broadcast among the women whose winter coats are dark and button high. These airy nothings the tailors themselves not only recommend but make.

In spite of prejudice women continue, more or less, to use certain types of plaid goods. The Mackenzie, MacDonald, Forbes and Campbell checks still brighten our landscape and the quite simple skirts are made up with a bias seam down the front. Such skirts in the dark green, blue and violet of MacDonald plaid are purchasable at the January sales, prettily made up on silk foundations and the proper thing to wear with one is a coat body of solid green, blue or violet cloth scalloped over the hips, clasping the figure snugly with small plaidded revers turning back just under the chin and a chiffon jabot flowering out on this.

Absolutely simple, comfortable sleeves are typical of all these dresses. The wrist is long, but cut off plainly round the hand, and the one bit of coquetry the tailors assume is more or less decided by the use of small bullet-shaped enameled buttons. These buttons, by the way, are peculiar to 1899 and are different from the colored crystal ones that are still in good fashionable standing.

#### Growing Collars.

If you question both tailors and dressmakers as to collars they will say that excelsior is still the cry in that direction. By constant wear of very high neckbands women are destroying all the beauty of their throats and giving their heads a stiff, haughty pose. Fair share of collars are made of silk or satin finely pleated on to the stiffest buckram and cut with points to fit high behind the ear. Newer than that is a collar cut with the earpoints and then a third higher at the back half way up the throat. This rear peak often runs half way up the height of the head and sometimes it is split open down the center and revers spread away, faced with a bright color or lace.

The serviceable gown, the collar that fits into every breach and is admissible on all occasions is still black silk, that, by preference, is not taffeta, but that is cut to fit and appear like a princess slip, tight on the hips and wide at the foot. Over this falls rather coarse black silk honeycomb Russian net, garnished in either of two ways: with spangles or with three sizes of black silk braid. The braid is rather the smarter of the two, and it describes large, fanciful figures over the drooping skirt and net body. Such a gown is practically indestructible and displays a richness of effect that is always agreeable. If it is made up so that the sleeves can be removed and the top of the waist lifted out it can serve equally well as a grand dinner or sober church costume. With gowns like these, and they are tremendously popular, women wear necklaces of the brightest outfit with some jeweled pendant stringing up the lowest chain, and they put tall black spangled tulle wings in their hair.

The serviceable evening gown for a young girl is par excellence a Toaca net in black, made over a second net skirt of pale blue, or green, or yellow, which in turn is hung upon an underskirt of soft silk or saten the same shade. The black top skirt may be hung with spangles, but something more economical as well as newer is a net skirt with designs worked out on it in threads of colored chenille.

Such a dress wears well, is proof against crumpling and is wonderfully youthful. After being squeezed into a heavy trunk a shake dissipates the wrinkles, and while the bodice may be high in the throat, it must by no means have any sleeves, if it is designed for evening wear. All women who wear these out gowns, and they are almost universally popular, perfume them carefully, so that at every motion the filmy floating goods will cast forth on the air a poetic odor of lilacs, white rose, heliotrope or violets.

#### The Favorite Spring Hat.

Early in the winter the hat that turned up in front justly received its due of favoritism and flattery. Its successor in the spring will be an airy thing of silk muslin or tulle set on the side of the head and with wide

spanned brim turned up on all sides equally. Already we see some lucky women, who have their headgear all hot from Paris, wearing these delicate crowns, but meantime a great many sensible souls content themselves with pretty tulle trifles they can really fashion with their own hands. These are very popular for theater wear and are made first of a ring of hat wire about the circumference of a saucer. Wound tightly around this is black satin or white satin ribbon and then loosely goes a winding of tulle. The tulle ring just encloses a top of the head and at some point in its circumference, usually just in front, a tuft of silver wheat, with two loops of tulle, is fastened. This simple ornament passes for a bonnet and is a becoming coronet and a showy one on any head.

#### ST. AGNES' EVE.

Spells and Enchantments for the Evening of January 21.

Upon St. Agnes' eve, January 21, let every maid fall not to try a magic spell. If superstitious to bed you go, nor look behind, nor sideways, then will St. Agnes' dreams be the sweetest of the year.

There are other signs and portents which may help to make a festive evening for a merry party. Nut-shaking is one of the mystical arts. Probably the Christmas tree of evergreen has not yet been abandoned. Hang upon its branches a quantity of nuts of various kinds—put on in such a way that they may be shaken off very easily.

When the proper hour arrives for the nut-shaking, each damsel in turn stands beneath the tree and while one of the party gives it a gentle shake she holds out her arms to catch all the nuts which fall. The charmed number seven rules the evening. So the girl who catches seven nuts, or any larger number, which is a multiple of seven, is considered most fortunate—marriage, riches and honor being foretold. If only two nuts are caught an early marriage is signified, or a double nut answers the same purpose. Three nuts mean a legacy; four indicate great wealth; five a voyage across the sea; six, fame as an artist, author or musician; seven, the possession of the gift most desired by the finder.

A line of prophecy—similar to old-fashioned notions—may be written and wrapped about each nut before it is hung upon the tree. If a number of English walnuts have been included among the nuts, when they are opened the shells may have tiny candles put in each, and then they are started out upon a voyage in a tub of water. Each boat or shell is named as the candle is lighted and set adrift. The boats that sail together will be partners for life. A penny should be dropped in one side of the tub and a ring in the other. The boat that drifts toward the ring will marry for love; if toward the penny, for money.

#### LIKES AND DISLIKES OF A QUEEN.

Hates Cold Meat, Suede Gloves and Artificial Flowers.

Queen Victoria dislikes cold meat, suede gloves, artificial flowers and the odor of furs. Her alias, when she finds it advisable to use an imitator, is either the countess of Balmoral or the duchess of Lancaster—the latter is one of her numerous titles.

When members of the queen's family or any German relatives visit London and occupy Buckingham palace "by invitation" they pay their board just like common folks in a first-class hotel.

"Queen's bounty" costs Victoria on an average \$1,500 a year. The queen when she sent three sovereigns to a mother who had given birth to three children forty years ago probably did not foresee what vital dimensions the "bounty" would grow.

Her majesty was recently presented with \$100 by an Indian chief of British Columbia, doubtless as a thank offering for the \$5,000 he recently received for the 60,000 fish he had caught and sold. The queen acknowledged the gift by letter, accompanied by an engraving of herself and two plaques of sheep's wool.

There is said to be only one man who has ever dared to make a joke in the presence of the queen of England. This was Canon Shore, an Irishman, and one time tutor in the royal family. Discussing the infidelity and heterodoxy of shoemakers as a class, he said "one could hardly expect a shoemaker to believe in the immortality of the soul" (soul). Her majesty enjoyed the joke and laughed heartily over it.

The queen is the possessor of one of the best toned pianos in the world—it is a magnificent Georgian, made of Amboyna wood. There are in all sixty pianos in her various palaces.

According to a panegyric of womankind, delivered recently by the bishop of London, England owes more to her queens than to her kings. The three names most famous in English royal history are Bertha, who helped to introduce Christianity into England; Elizabeth and Victoria.

"Mrs. Wales and daughters," is the entry made by the princesses of Wales in the vis-

itors' book at a country inn, where she once stopped for luncheon.

His royal highness, the prince of Wales, is very often plain Mr. Moulton, and at such times, so democratic is the gentleman, that one would not hesitate to ask Mr. Moulton for a match or the time of day.

The prince of Wales is an expert shoemaker, a handicraft he chose to learn when a boy, being obliged by his royal parents to learn some trade. He has even worn shoes of his own make. King Humbert of Italy is also a royal cobbler.

Princess Victoria of Wales travels incog-

spice of envy. As she is whirled along rather rapidly one has but little time to study her features and she passes as a vision of beauty rather than a reality.

The traveler who would have wandered into the Teatro Nazionale recently to see the play of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and without transportation or curtilage, as I did, might also see at the left of the stage the royal family assisting at this most interesting performance. In a box, or rather gallery, at the left of the stage the royal group was assembled. They were in full view of the audience, which was scant, filling about one-third of the theater. The queen was dressed in black and looked pale and cold. Her rich yellow hair and the clearness of her complexion stood out against the dead blackness of her velvet mantle and the darkness of her hat. She wears well, in spite of the troubles which agitate Italy and threaten the throne. She looks much younger than her years; she recently completed her forty-seventh year.

Opposite to her sat her daughter-in-law, the Princess Helena of Montenegro, wife of Victor Emmanuel III, prince of Naples, and future queen, if all goes well with royalty till then. This lady is young, terribly dark,



A SPRING SHOPPING COSTUME.

with abn hair and heavy eyebrows, and mulatto-like complexion, and black eyes almost devoid of expression. There is a sadness on her face as if she felt herself forced to some doom, the expression of the mouth, which droops at the corners, is that of one to whom tears are more familiar than smiles. She forms the strongest of contrasts to her mother-in-law. The prince of Naples himself is here in evening dress. There is no badge of his dignity about him, not even a colored button or a tiny ribbon of a decoration. He is quiet and gentle, though his face is not devoid of power. He has just entered into his 30th year.

To appreciate to the fullest the titles and claims of the majority of the other occupants of the theater, one would require to know the "Almanac de Gotha" by heart. The persons in the royal box were more simply and quietly dressed than most of the others in the theater. There was nothing in their manner to distinguish them, except that the queen bowed from time to time to her lady friends in the other boxes, and that most of the time she was eating or chewing sweets. This is an almost invariable habit of Queen Margaret during her attendance at an opera or a play. It is also to be noticed in her credit that she was in her place long before the curtain rose, and did not leave it until the last word was uttered and the final curtain fell.

#### NEW STORIES ABOUT LISZT.

They Are Told by One of His Pupils, Uka Harovitz-Barney.

Liszt was my teacher for many years and many are the charming recollections of that period in my life. As Schumann said, "If you only heard Liszt play and didn't see him, you lost half the pleasure," so wonderful was his personality.

I shall never forget how a young Magyar tried to play a sonata of Beethoven before him one day. "Piano, piano," cried Liszt. "Piano, softly! Let it sing, let it sing! Can't you see piano written there?" cried he still more sharply, but the young patriot only grew more nervous and played the harder.

At last Liszt took his hands from the keys and, half-angrily, half-laughingly, said: "Do you know, my young friend, what the gold sergeant does when the recruits cannot tell the difference between right and left? He ties a bundle of straw on their right arms and a bundle of hay on their left, and then gives the command, 'Hay, straw!' We should have to try this plan with you for 'piano' and 'forte'!" Now, then, give old Beethoven a chance. Hay! Hay! Hay! Well! Now, straw! straw!—plenty of straw—still more straw," and Liszt laughed till the tears came. "Straw, straw, nothing but straw!"

But even this had no effect on the young man, so at last Liszt said: "Perhaps I can explain it better on the piano," and seating himself, he played the allegretto of Beethoven's seventh symphony. We were all so moved that we sat breathless until at last a little Russian woman jumped up and rushed out of the room, crying: "J'ai peur! J'ai peur!" Liszt turned around on his chair to say, "Well, what's the matter?" and after he learned, he turned to the young pianist: "So, you see, my friend, that hay and straw in proper proportion produce good results."

Here is an anecdote of his early life, as related by Liszt himself: "Richard Wagner, Bulow and I were all quite young when we lived together in Leipzig, and had a good

time. That is, I enjoyed myself, but Wagner was already fermenting with his political and philosophical ideas, and our prosaic circumstances offered little ground for the idealists of the future. We called Bulow 'Kritikus,' and we especially I—always feared his sharp tongue a little. Of course all of us had very little money, but Wagner put our slender purse to great strains. He could not bear money worries, and we let him feel them as little as possible. Once, after a long autumn, it became cold very suddenly and Wagner with his 'nerves' suffered from the sudden change in the temperature. He demanded a heated room at once. For two whole days the debate raged between him and Bulow as to the immediate purchase of wood with our reduced purse. I was not asked, because Bulow knew that I would yield, but he as treasurer, contended that it was ridiculous to buy wood in the month of September. 'But I am freezing,' said Wagner in a rage, to which the inexorable Bulow suggested that he go out and get warm by running or warm himself by his music. Laughing at his cheap, spiteful advice, Bulow and I went out.

But when we returned, after two hours, we were thunderstruck to find Wagner in the room heated to suffocation. He sat at his writing table, deep in his work. His face was very red.

"Where?" began Bulow, but the words stuck in his throat, for a glance around the room showed him how Wagner had helped himself. Several chairs and our work tables lay on the floor, permanently crippled; Wagner had cut off their legs and made the fire with them. Bulow was speechless with rage. But I stood at the door and laughed all the tears came at this ingenious way of helping oneself. Bulow lamented that we were helping to replace the landlady's chairs and tables and that we could not sit down or work.

"Wagner answered, spitefully, 'I have what I need!' Fellow like you, who do nothing but go walking, need neither chairs nor tables. If you had given me your money right off your valuable furniture would still be in existence—you wished so! Firewood would have been cheaper!' Next day I received a little money and bought firewood and new chairs and tables. Wagner picked out the best for himself and I said to him, laughing, 'Say, you listen! I am going to insure this new furniture against loss by fire immediately.'"

#### THE BACHELOR GIRL.

Boston Globe. She's a satisfied bachelor-girl. She vows that she never will marry; She has been in society's whirl, And known many a marriage misadventure.

She is pretty, well furnished with brains, And it doesn't quite enter her mind, While around her all pleasant remains To link her glad life with a man's.

She can guide herself well with her head, She does lots of good with her hands; She's a model girl, so it is said, But a latchkey she always demands.

She had joined a girl-bachelor's club, Into which not a man was allowed (As it happened that there was a rub), And to celibacy all were vowed.

At the very last meeting, though loathed, A general confession was planned, And 'twas found every girl was betrothed, So the club then was forced to disband.

All betrothed but our bachelor-girl; To her colors still full and unfurl; To her colors still full and unfurl; Who will order it down, I or you?

#### CUBA'S POET.

Gertrude Gomez, Who Died in Her Youth, Had a "Cuban" Air.

"Pearl of the sea, star of the West! Beautiful Cuba, thy brilliant sky Night covers black with her velvet wings, As veiled with my grief am I."

This stanza is from the Spanish of a beautiful Cuban girl, whose poetry has not yet been translated into English, but is certain to interest American readers of verse when it becomes known. This girl, who bore the same family name as the famous Cuban general of today, died many years ago, but not before her delicate and exalted talents became known in Paris and in Madrid, where she lived for a number of years. The stanza quoted above is an imperfect quotation from a finished and moving sonnet entitled, "To Cuba at Parting," written at the time Gertrude Gomez was taken by her parents to Spain, apparently to remove her from republican influences. She was always an ardent sympathizer with the struggles of Cuba for freedom.

Gertrude was born in Puerto de Principe, where lived the elder Jose Maria de Heredia (father of the present Paris "immortal" poet) during his troubled youth. Gertrude was only a child of 7 when Heredia lived in her native town and not much older when, in 1823, the poet was in New York, exiled from Spanish dominions for working for "Cuba libre." But his influence upon her thought and talent is not the two ever met. Heredia's impassioned poetic prophecy of a noble future for Cuba "when America should be one country under one star flag from the equator to the pole" found echo in the girl's poet's heart. Her sonnet, "To Washington," is not only a fine example of this difficult poetic form, but is good Yankee patriotism, in this latter day sense of Yankee.

The poem of Gertrude Gomez, written to the memory of Heredia when "The Cuban

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troubadour" died in Mexico in 1839, is full of fervor.

She was only 20 when she went to live in Madrid and it is on record that she was much sought after and admired for her charms of personality as well as for her literary talent. She wrote a novel entitled "Two Women," which had a lively vogue and is still held in esteem by connoisseurs of Spanish fiction. Her poems, "Love and Pride," "Music" and "To Youth" were much quoted by the Castilian gallants of her day.

"The Pearl of the Antilles has sent to Castile the pearl of the pearl," one of them said, and made the phrase the fashion. Gertrude Gomez de Avellaneda did not marry and died before she was old.

#### Fashion's Fills.

Some of the most beautiful evening gowns seen this season have been made of crepe de chine in white or delicate evening tints. For the coming spring will be brought out some soft, delicate French silks, with a tiny dot and narrow chenille stripe, matching the dot in color.

Jotted nets, tulle, chiffons and gauzes, forming entire draperies over silk or satin, or used for fancy waists, sleeves, tunics, gumpes and slightly drooping vest fronts, are as fashionable this winter as ever.

Once again the dress reformers are having something emphatic to say, the lamentable fashion of trailing street gowns giving ample reason for disgust. There is a medium between short and long skirts and between absurd and clumsy shoes and those with "lookback" toes and spiral heels that are of this material.

The French weaves in Muscovite silk, even in its finest, most lustrous qualities, are considerably reduced in price, but the popularity of this heavy cord silk is still evident, as very many of the handsome costumes, princess dresses, tea gowns and wraps imported or made in this country are of this material.

It is very evident that the sheath skirt has come to stay with us during the spring and summer at all events, even though having a few rivals in somewhat less severe skirts made of tulle, or of a material of fabrics composing the sheath skirt may be slightly draped or decorated without adding

#### A MODEL GOWN FOR 1899.

The death is announced of Mrs. Mary Macpherson, the Skye poetess. The late Prof. Blackie met her in Skye while he was collecting funds to establish the chair of Celtic at Edinburgh university and presented to her a silver-mounted walking stick, while she gave him a Highland plaid which he wore to the end of his life, and one of which was placed in his coffin.

Miss Celestia S. Parrish, professor in the woman's college at Lynchburg, Va., made quite a sensation by lecturing on "Some Errors in the Education of Girls" before the pupils of Randolph-Macon institute. She is a woman of advanced views and favors the higher education of women, and introduced many novel ideas to a somewhat shocked audience. The south is not ready for advanced ideas.

The countess of Warwick, the noted beauty, drives what are regarded as the best matched pair of white Arabian ponies in England. She owned one and the late Baron Rothschild another. The baron offered her a large sum for her pet, but she laughingly refused to sell. Perhaps in doing so she displayed great shrewdness, for in a day or two he sent her his pony, saying he could not bear to see the two separate.

Miss Lavinia Dempsey, who, as queen of the Holland Dames of New Netherlands, has furnished New York more or less amusement, donned last Thursday the robes in which she was crowned and proceeded in a coach and four, with courtiers and attendants, to the poor children of that locality. The party left the Holland house in state and paraded through the principal streets to their destination. The affair was called a "Twelfth Night celebration."

Of the late Mrs. Lily Lord Tift of Buffalo the Express of that city says: "She may fairly be described as a prominent citizen of Buffalo. She held one public office, that of member of the Board of School Examiners, but she was identified with several semi-public bodies which are doing good work in this community. She was a woman of large brain and large heart. Her intellect was keen and well balanced. It made effective her ambition to serve her fellow women and men. That combination of common sense, energy and good will was bound to make an impression on her time and her town."

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AN EVENING HOOD AND WRAP.